IRRIGATION IN THE FAR WEST.

Protection is Sought for Forest Reserves.

URGED BY THE PRESIDENT.

How the Vast Stretches of Arid Lands May Be Watered by Means of Reservoirs and Conduits—Turning Deserts Into Blooming Gardens

The President, in his message to Congress, recommended the protection of forest reserves and the building of great storage works for the benefit of the farmer in the arid regions of the West.

"The forests," he says, "are national reservoirs. They cannot, however, fully regulate and conserve the waters of the arid regions. Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to save the floodwaters."

For Artificial Irrigation.

The problem of artificial irrigation deals with the question of storing the surplus of water of one season for the deficit of the other. It is said that the solution of this problem in its practical and universal application is only being begun in the far Western region. In several places, however, lofty and expensive dams have been built across the canyons of mountain streams, such as the Parley's Creek Reservoir, in Utah. The perfecting of such works requires the construction of canals to fill them and of outlets for drawing off the water and transmitting it to the land to be irrigated.

The system of artificial irrigation, with all the perplexities it involves, depends primarily upon the law of gravity. The point at which the stream, canal, reservoir, or basin is tapped being higher than the field to be watered, sends the water down throughout a channel to a ditch in the highest part of the farm. When it has thus been brought to a level with the most elevated points to be irrigated, it can be made to flow out over the land without any assistance from the irrigator beyond such manipulation as may be required to effect its uniform distribution over the minor irregularities of surface which latter are usually provided for before irrigation is attempted.

Many Natural Basins.

Many natural basins are found in the form of a great bowl completely enclosed on all sides, so that no dam or embankment is necessary. In such cases there has to be constructed either an open cut or a tunnel through the surrounding rim, through which a pipe or some other form of conduit is placed for drawing off the water whenever it is required.

Many of these reservoirs are at present in course of construction, and arrangements are being made for a gigantic and complete system of water supply. Although this will, according to agriculturists, prove a great boon to farmers, it will also, it is said, lead to many complications. It will greatly increase the difficulty, now largely felt, of dividing the water among the different claimants to a common supply, and will make it necessary to have additional legislation to define the character of the rights to these stored waters.

Benefits of the System.

The benefits which have already accrued from the construction of reservoirs have so far, it is said, been most gratifying, but their improvement and operation have also added largely to the annual cost of water, and the settlers show a decided preference to the canal with an early priority right. Nevertheless, the necessity for the reservoir and an adequate system of storage is universally felt throughout the Rocky Mountain region, and the opinion is almost universal that the extension of the system will prove an immense benefit to the agricultural interests of the country.

The lack of rainfall in such States as Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Montana, naturally resulting in aridity of the soil, is in curious contrast with the moisture of climate and rich productiveness of the States of the Pacific Slope. The reason for this is very plainly found. The Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains act as bulwarks to the rain clouds which drift from the Pacific Coast, and prevent the moisture reaching the more easterly of the Western States.

Must Depend on the Earth.

The settler in the latter region, therefore, must be dependent upon the earth instead of the clouds for the means of irrigating his land.

The conditions under which agriculture is carried on in the Rocky Mountain States differ radically from those prevailing in any other section of the country, and have no small effect in altering the customs of the people, raising new issues of national importance, and placing a definite limit to the population which the region will support. The basis of these effects is the method of irrigation employed. The magnificent rivers throughout the country, with their tributary streams, form the source which is relied upon to furnish the farmer with the means necessary for the cultivation of his crops.

Natural Streams Inadequate.

But with the immense tide of settlers it became some years ago apparent that the natural streams alone would not accomplish this purpose. It then became necessary to foster and preserve the bounteous gifts of nature at one season, in order to provide for the drought which prevails when the rivers are at their lowest ebb, by the building of artificial reservoirs, which, placed at convenient locations, receive and distribute their supply by means of the rivers themselves and canals.

This system of artificial water supply is admitted to have its disadvantages. The farmer who locates in the Rocky Mountain region has first to establish his water-right claim, and the neglect of this may cause him considerable trouble during his future occupation of the land.

Priority of Water Rights.

The priority of the various water rights and the volume of water of a stream are determined in the Rocky Mountain States by court decrees, or (in Wyoming and Nebraska) upon the orders of the boards of control. The enforcement of these rights of priority and the distribution of water under them is accomplished by water commissioners or water masters, as they are called.

The Streams Patrolled.

That this supervision of the distribution of the water may be effective, it has been found necessary to police and patrol the stream from which it is obtained. To this end it becomes the duty of the water master to examine and regulate the head-gates of all ditches or other conduits by which water is diverted from the stream or streams under his charge, for the purpose of determining that each claimant receives the volume of water to which he is entitled under his decreed priority of right.

During the spring season, when the streams are in flood and before the work of irrigation is in active progress, these duties are comparatively simple, since at this time there is generally enough water for all claimants, and hence no call for anyone taking more than his due share.

But when the floods have subsided, the streams resume their normal level and the soil is parched for want of moisture; then the water master's work becomes complicated and his lot is frequently not a happy one.

Legal Questions Involved.

The complicated system of water supply, with the various legal questions involved, together with the vast engineering enterprises which have made it possible, has grown from the small ditch of the pioneer settler. The pioneers, having selected the ground which they intended to occupy, constructed each his own ditch for the irrigation of his farm and collected there, from some neighboring stream, the water needed for his purpose. Even at the present time, the instinct of the settler leads him, if possible, to prefer this independent method to the enforced submission to regulations, which dependence on partnership ditches or canals involves. The settler of today, however, must seek for such opportunities far from civilization, and the building of individual ditches is said to be largely a thing of the past.

ROADS TO FAME IN LITERATURE

One the Result of Hard Work, the Other of Inspiration.

A Single Line Has Often Won Undying Reputation for Its Author. The Story of the Success of "John Inglesant."

There are two roads by which fame in literature may be reached.

One kind is the result of the slow, laborious work of years. That is the long, winding road, which often crosses many hills and descends into many deep valleys. Of such is the fame of Walter Scott, who built for himself a memorial in print and paper which will last so long as the language that he wrote in, and many others, shall endure. The other kind is of the happy inspiration of a few marvelous moments, which have been permitted to win a fame almost, if not quite, as enduring as theirs.

Congreve's Immortal Lines.

For instance, how many among the myriad readers of modern poetry and drama remember the name of William Congreve, who about three hundred years ago was one of the most famous English dramatists? Probably not 1 per cent, yet Congreve wrote one immortal line that everybody knows:

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast.

Congreve wrote many finer lines than this, but this is the one that has saved him from twentieth-century oblivion, possibly only the inspiration of one magical moment, and yet that line will live as long as the English language.

Another instance of a writer taking a short cut to fame is that of the Rev. Charles Wolfe. In the year 1817 he read in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" an account of one of the greatest tragedies of the English army. He wrote a poem on it and gave it to the world anonymously. It was copied into the newspapers and magazines, and the best literary critics of the age ascribed it, not only to Southey, but even to Campbell and Byron himself. All disclaimed the authorship, and Byron described it as the most beautiful ode in the language. When people forget to speak English they will forget the lines beginning:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried.

"Auld Robin Gray."

Lady Anne Barnard, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, might have lived and died in obscurity so far as the greater world outside her own social circle was concerned if an inspiration had not come to her, no doubt suggested to her by some Scottish tragedy of peasant life. The result of that inspiration was a song which will live as long as the sweetest that ever flowed from the pen of Robert Burns. Its title is "Auld Robin Gray."

Nearly 400 years ago there was born a fighting poet who wrote some of the sweetest songs in the English language. Thousands of English readers, and readers of English poetry at home and abroad, know four lines of his as well as they know the most hackneyed passages from Shakespeare, and yet only a score or so of them could say where the lines come from or who wrote them.

I would not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

and

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Written in Prison.

How many who read these lines know that they were written by Richard Lovelace, while he was in prison, penniless and dying of consumption?

It is commonly supposed that Thomas Gray's fame rests on a single poem, and that an inspiration. This is a mistake. Thomas Gray wrote the "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," and these would have secured his place in the Temple of Fame if he had never written a line of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." They are the two finest odes in the English language. The elegy may probably have begun with an inspiration, but it took seven years to write.

There are, of course, many instances of an author earning immortal fame with one book. Of these "Don Quixote" is, perhaps, the most famous. Cervantes plowed the literary fields for many years and produced many crops, but this one incomparable harvest is the only one that has survived.

Another Kind of Fame.

There is another kind of fame which, though well deserved, comes as it were by accident. There are two modern instances of this in which Mr. Gladstone acted, once knowingly and once unknowingly, as the bestower of the laurel wreath. When Mrs. Humphrey Ward wrote "Robert Elsmere," a copy fell into the hands of the Great Old Critic, and he criticised it unsparingly. The criticism, of course, made the book and the fortune of the authoress. If it had not been for that criticism, the fortunes of both might have been different. At another time, Mr. Gladstone went to have his photograph taken. The artist suggested that he should have a book in his hand, tool one off his table and gave it to him. The light fell on the title of the book so that it could easily be read. The title was "John Inglesant." It had been published in Birmingham and had run through an edition of 500 copies.

It was one of the best modern novels ever written, but if the photographer had given Mr. Gladstone a copy of "Paradise Lost" or "The Pilgrim's Progress," "John Inglesant" might never have been heard of beyond a circle of intimate friends.

Pointed Anecdotes of Well-Known Men.

Rosewater's Introduction to Lincoln.

Mr. Edward Rosewater, editor of the "Omaha Bee," who has been in Washington during the past week conferring with the President concerning Nebraska appointments, has enjoyed the confidence of many Presidents.

"Lincoln," said Mr. Rosewater a few nights ago at the Raleigh, "was the first President I was privileged to meet. It was during the civil war. At that time I was in charge of the telegraph bureau in the War Department. We were working day and night at fever heat, and when the news came of the fall of Vicksburg I remember that we sent a messenger out for a can of beer. Of course, it was contrary to the rules of the office to drink anything of the sort there, but we were so exhausted, and, withal, so jubilant over the glorious news, that we couldn't resist the temptation to indulge in this refreshment. We were passing the bucket around when, to our astonishment and alarm, in strode the President, who had come to look over our despatches at first hand. You can imagine our embarrassment. There was no use in attempting to deny or conceal. We had been caught by the Chief Executive. He had seen the tell-tale can, and although this was now practically empty, Lincoln was too shrewd a man not to know that we were all guilty of violating one of the strictest orders of the War Department. But he affected at first not to notice. Coming over to my instrument, he asked to see the latest despatch. He read it slowly, handed it back, and, turning to the messenger, who had been hoping for a favorable moment to make his escape with the can, Lincoln asked:

"'What have you in that bucket?'

"Answering for the startled messenger, I explained what we had been doing.

"'Any beer left?' said the President.

"I told him that we had consumed it all.

"'Here,' said Lincoln, pulling a 25-cent piece from his pocket, 'go and fill it up again.' So saying, he turned again to the telegrams. The messenger arrived with the beer, and Mr. Lincoln looked up and told him to pass it around.

"'Mr. President,' I ventured to say, 'if I get a glass will you not do us the great honor to share the beer with us?'

"'Never mind the glass,' he replied; 'I'll drink when it comes my turn.'

"Of course, we all insisted that he take the first drink, and with a message still clutched in his right hand telling how Grant had won the great victory, President Lincoln grasped the bucket with both hands, and, tipping it up, drank heartily.

"We all believed, as the President did, that the capitulation of the Southern stronghold marked the turning point of the war, and after the many Northern reverses the news of so signal a triumph for the Federal arms had awakened our profoundest gratitude and patriotism. And to have our beloved President sharing our simple, though contraband, celebration was a sacred thing to us. When he had finished drinking Mr. Lincoln handed the can to me. It is imagination, no doubt, but I have never since tasted beer so refreshing as that was, and as for the can, money could not have bought it from the messenger."

A Theosphist's Vivid Memory.

Major James Albert Clark, President of the Theosophical Society of Washington, and the author of a popular work on the doctrine he teaches, is noted among other things for his amiable readiness in repartee. Recently a well-known politician in his audience, accepting the general invitation to propound questions, exclaimed:

"You claim to have lived before; pray give us a few reminiscences of your former incarnations. Who and what were you a few hundred years ago?"

"I cannot tell precisely," replied the Theosophist, "but I have a distinct suspicion that I was a heretic and that you and others burned me at the stake."

The politician joined in the merriment and applause that greeted the retort.

Mr. Cleveland's Thirst for Knowledge

When Grover Cleveland was President, E. Dorsey Mohun, then American Consul at Zanzibar, visited Washington. Mr. Mohun had hunted big game in the interior of the Dark Continent, and had published several volumes on his adventures. He was well received by society in the National Capital and he arranged to give some of his friends a banquet at the Metropolitan Club. He had just finished dressing for the occasion when a message came summoning him to the White House. Thither he went immediately, and was told by the courteous secretaries that the President was too busy to be disturbed, but that he had left word that Mr. Mohun was to wait for him. He waited. The banquet hour approached and Mr. Mohun ventured to send in his card again. The response was that the President was pleased that the Consul was waiting and that he would see him as soon as possible. Mr. Mohun sent a messenger to the Metropolitan Club telling his friends to go on with the festivities, explaining that he was detained at the Executive Mansion. An hour, two hours passed, and the disappointed African explorer and hunter in desperation sent in a diplomatic note expressing the hope that the President had not forgotten him.

"In ten minutes more you can see the President," said the attendant. Half an hour later he was ushered in. The President was worn from a long session of state. He looked up wearily and it was manifest that momentous affairs had driven from his mind the business that had caused him to send for the Consul of Zanzibar. But Mr. Cleveland's wit was equal to the emergency.

"Ah, yes," said he, eying the visitor quizzically, "you have been a famous African traveler and sportsman, and I want you to sit down and tell me how they hunt elephants on the Dark Continent."

The Cartoonist And the Scientist.

"One of my most amusing experiences," said Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, last night, "occurred in San Francisco. The late Dr. Joseph Le Conte was billed to lecture on glaciers, prehistoric monsters, etc., in the hall of the Academy of Sciences in that city. On the same night the Camera Club on an upper floor of the building was presenting its annual exhibit. The proprietor of my paper, a member of the club, gave instructions that the exhibit be touched up humorously. I was at my home when the telephone rang, and the managing editor asked me to go to the building of the Academy of Sciences and spread myself on cartoons. Unaware of the two attractions in the building, I naturally followed the crowd to Le Conte's lecture, and I pictured that great man leaping over mountains, stalking down Alpine glaciers, and steering icebergs in the Arctic Sea. My work unfortunately enjoyed immunity from editorial inspection, and so without thought of the trouble I was creating I sent my drawings up to the art room.

"Things broke loose the next day in the editorial rooms, and fearing a storm in university circles, a diplomatic note was sent to Le Conte, saying that the paper had attempted to give a full and luminous account of his learned lecture (which had been done), and asking him for an expression of opinion on their efforts. The genial philosopher, ignoring the wretched cartoons, replied that he had never been more faithfully reported."

Saved Chicago From a Panic.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, spent Thanksgiving Day in Washington as the guest of his successor, Mr. Milton E. Ailes. Mr. Vanderlip, who left the Treasury Department to accept the vice presidency of the National City Bank of New York City, has risen rapidly in the world. Five years ago he was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper; three years before that he was pounding iron in a machine shop in Geneva, Ill.

"I confess," said Mr. Vanderlip, in speaking of his experiences, "that I was not a star mechanic." But while he did not, in a literal sense, always hit the iron when it was hot, his old associates say that he was alert to seize any opportunity. Mathematics, in which he excelled, he studied diligently after work hours. One day in the shop the foreman and his assistant were puzzled over a difficult problem in figures. Vanderlip offered to help them out. With some misgivings they placed the problem before the hitherto unpromising apprentice, who solved it speedily and with ease.

When the foreman discovered that the work was accurate he walked up to young Vanderlip, and, slapping him on the back, exclaimed, reassuringly:

"Young fellow, you'll be a foreman some day."

That encouraging remark stirred the ambition of the apprentice. He won a higher position in the shop, saved his money, went to school, got into journalism in Chicago and made a speciality of financial studies. He soon displayed unexpected ability in getting track of impending operations in the moneyed world.

On the occasion of the Diamond Match failure it was realized by the financiers of Chicago that the news, if told by the papers in a sensational manner, might cause a panic. To avert a general run on the banks a meeting of eminent magnates was hurriedly called. They assembled at the residence of the late Phil Armour. In the midst of their deliberations a carriage rolled up to the door, and out stepped Vanderlip, who alone of the newspaper men of that city had divined the impending failure.

"I see," said Armour, after Vanderlip had asked a few questions, "that you know enough about this affair to wreck half the financial institutions in Chicago, but I appeal to you as a young man of good prospects not to do it. Let your sense of good citizenship prevail."

Vanderlip replied that sooner or later the story would get out, and he suggested that the financiers give him the complete details and trust to his discretion in editing the matter. In turn he was to furnish all the papers with a dignified and conservative statement that would not create a sensation. This was agreed to, and Vanderlip worked all night carrying out his part of the programme. Temperately announced the next morning, like an ordinary stock or real estate transaction, according to the terms on which he had supplied the story to the press, the news caused scarcely a financial ripple.

"Thus a reporter," said Assistant Secretary Ailes, who related the incident, "saved Chicago from panic and won for himself an enviable reputation in financial centres."

CHESTERFIELDS ON LIMITED.

The Fast Train Service Is a Finishing School for Railrouders.

Besides the precautions taken by the officials of the big roads to ensure the safety of the fast trains, the trainmen who pilot the flyers will soon be Chesterfields, so far as manners are concerned. The officers are insisting that the men who care for the passengers on these fast trains be not only polite, but polished.

While the fast train service is rapidly becoming a finishing school for the men actively employed, the rules that hedge it about are also increasing. An illustration of this is the operation of a limited train recently put in service on a trans-continental line between Chicago and San Francisco.

Officers of this road have issued a little booklet, entitled "Joint Instructions to Agents and Conductors in Regard to the California Limited." These books have no illuminated covers, no surfeit of adjectives nor half-tone pictures. They are not intended for the public eye, being for the exclusive guidance of employes. Among other things it contains the following instructions to conductors:

"The following transportations may be honored:

"First-class tickets, limited or unlimited, coin, excursion, round-trip aourist, mileage, card, book, local or coupon.

"United States Government transportation orders, or our exchange tickets given in lieu thereof, provided they call for first-class passage.

"Commissions of United States postoffice inspectors and superintendents, and of chief clerks of the Railway Mail Service. Railway postal clerks may also be carried on presentation of their photographic commissions between points covered by the same.

"First-class tickets issued for the transportation of corpses as baggage."

Conductors are also instructed not to honor employes' or special rate tickets, advertising transportation, mileage, second-class, immigrant tickets, or drovers' passes, stock contracts, or tickets endorsed "not good on limited trains."

No official of the road ranking below a trainmaster, roadmaster, or master mechanic will be carried on his annual pass. In case a person without the proper transportation should board the train the conductor is instructed to carry him to the first stopping place and advise him to either purchase a first-class ticket or wait for a following train on which his ticket will be honored.

If one person has paid for and occupies an entire drawing room alone, conductors will require two first class railroad tickets. Theatrical baggage will not be carried on the limited. Personal baggage alone will be carried, and the company reserves the right to forward any or all baggage on following trains.

Trainmen are not to occupy seats in the composite car, nor in sleeping cars, to the discomfort or crowding of passengers. They are also prohibited from smoking while on duty. When in or while passing through dining cars while meals are being served trainmen are instructed to remove their caps.—Chicago Chronicle.

RIDICULOUS TITLES FOR OLD WORLD KINGS.

EXTRAVAGANT SELF PRAISE.

Small Potentates Who Revel in Strings of Flattering Names and Laudatory Descriptions—Rulers of Great Countries More Modest.

When one considers that the sovereign of the greatest empire the world has ever known is content to be addressed by the same title of "Sir" as millions of his humbler subjects, there is something almost grotesque in the extravagant and high-sounding titles which inferior potentates assume.

For instance, the King of Arracan would probably cut off the head of any subject who dared, in addressing or describing him, to omit any one of these titles of honor: "Emperor of Arracan, legitimate heir of Pequ and Brama, lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal and the twelve kings who placed their heads under his heel."

Even this grandiloquent description of a barbaric king pales before the florid titles assumed by the Kandyan King: "The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds, the stars, etc.; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom," etc.

But of all the extravagant and odd titles assumed by sovereigns the most remarkable is that of "Great Thief," which is the proudest description of the King of Monomotapa, who held it in far higher esteem than his other titles of Great Magician and Lord of the Sun and Moon.

Hundreds of Titles.

The Sultan of Turkey is by no means one of the most modest of European sovereigns, as the following extract from his countless titles and descriptions proves: "The Emperor Sultan Abdul Hamid the Second, always victorious. Who by the excellence of the infinite favors of the Most High, and by the eminence of the miracles filled with the benediction of the chief of the prophets (to whom be the most ample salutations, as well as to his family and companions), is the Sultan of the Glorious Sultans, the emperor of the powerful emperors, the distributer of crowns to the Chosroes who are seated upon thrones; the shadow of God upon earth," etc. To these unassuming titles the Sultan adds nearly seventy more, "with power to add to their number."

The Shah of Persia runs a close race with the Sultan in the number of extravagances of his titles, among the least of which are such descriptions as: "He to whom the sun serves as a standard; the luminous star of the firmament of crowned heads; the son of the heaven of royalty, who is as far removed from other kings of the earth as the most distant star from the terrestrial planet, the focus and centre of the universe, to whom the eyes of all are drawn as to an irresistible magnet," etc.

While the Emperors of Arracan based their dignity on two earrings, the Kings of Ava supported their royal assumptions on two dozen umbrellas, describing themselves as "King of kings, whom all others shall obey, as they are the cause of preservation of all animals, the regulators of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the twenty-four umbrellas."

The Kings of Achem were as proud as their Kandyan royal brother of the sweetness of their feet. Among many titles are those of "Sovereign of the universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the Northern Star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who, when he rises, shades all people; from under whose feet a sweet odor is wafted," etc.

Modest European Sovereigns.

Even the Czar and the German Emperor, with the hundred titles they are said to enjoy, between them, do not affect to claim any dignity equal to the least of these.

The Kings of Spain and Portugal at one time vied with each other to such a ridiculous extent in the number and high-flown nature of their titles that Philip III ordained that all these grotesque descriptions should be reduced to the simple title of "The King, Our Lord."

The titles assumed by the Kings of England have always been, in comparison, singularly modest. Perhaps the most extreme of them all were that of "Dread Prince," which pleased the exacting fancy of Henry VIII, but which no successor has cared to adopt; the King's "Excellent Grace" of the sixth Henry; and the "Most High and Mighty Prince" of King Edward VI.

Until the time of Henry VIII, our Kings were quite contented to be addressed as your grace, a title now enjoyed by Archbishops and dukes. Henry VIII, always ambitious, went a step farther, and assumed the title of highness, now confined to the minor princes of the Continent; and it was only when Frances I saluted him as your Majesty that the King thought he might indulge in still further promotion, and assumed the title first adopted in France by Louis XI.—Tit-Bits.

What She Wanted.

"My wife told me to order some cards to be engraved," said a meek little man with a stunted voice. "Is this the place?"

"Yes. What is the inscription to be?"

"Why—er—Mrs. and Mr. Henry Peck is what she wants."—Philadelphia Press.

A "DUTCH TREAT."

Experience With a Real Dutchman Illustrated the Phrase.

"Dutch treats" had cropped up as the subject of conversation, and somebody remarked that he thought the system a good one.

"I see that the 'Dutch treat' is coming into fashion," he said. "Seems to me that there is a good deal in its favor. Really, there's no reason why each man shouldn't pay for his own drink, just as well as he pays for his own shave and haircut."

"Well, I guess you're right," said another of the group. "It's all a matter of custom. I've seen Dutchmen and Germans and Frenchmen in Europe sitting at the little cafe tables for hours, talking and enjoying themselves, and each paying for what he has had, as a matter of course. I suppose they would think it as queer to offer to pay for each other's drinks as to buy handkerchiefs and pocket knives and postage stamps for one another. I say," (to the waiter) "one beer, please."

Then the Brooklyn man spoke up. This is the story he told, though before starting, he countermanded the one beer order and made it four:

"Well," he said, "you fellows can theorize as much as you please, but you don't know the Dutch treat.

"I had a young fellow from Holland staying at our place for a couple of weeks lately. His folks were wealthy grain importers of Amsterdam, and he came over here to spend a year learning American methods in the grain business. He brought a letter of introduction to me from a mutual acquaintance in London and looked me up the day of his arrival. He had gone to the Holland house, but spoke of the lonesomeness of hotel life, especially for one not very conversant with English. As he expected to be only a couple of weeks in New York, before going to Kansas City, and as he seemed a most agreeable person, I invited him to come and make himself at home with us while here.

"He accepted, and came the next day. He showed himself to be refined and educated, and evidently had always been accustomed to having plenty of money. Breakfast was the only meal he took at the house, his lunches and dinners being taken in the city, and I know that for the latter he always paid $2 or $3, including wine.

"Several times we met in town and had a drink together. When it was I who invited him I paid for both, but when the suggestion came from him he never volunteered to pay but for his own drink, which was generally beer. Knowing the Dutch characteristics, I only laughed at this as a joke.

"But one evening I had made arrangements for a little theatre party for my wife, my Dutch friend, and myself. I had secured seats and bought the tickets when, at the last moment, business made it impossible for me to go. So I turned the tickets over to the Hollander, and he and my wife went.

"After the theatre he remarked that he would like a glass of beer, and asked my wife if she would care for one. Supposing that that might be the Amsterdam way of asking if she cared for a little supper my wife replied that she didn't mind, and they went to an adjoining cafe. I don't remember just what she ordered—something light that amounted to 80 cents all told, and the man from Amsterdam paid for it.

"The next day my friend mentioned to me that I owed him $1, as he had bought supper for my wife the evening before and paid her car fare both ways from the theatre.

"I didn't mention the little incident to my wife, as I wasn't quite sure what remark she might make regarding my selection of an acquaintance who would accept half a hundred dollars' worth of free hospitality and then make his hostess pay for her own supper. But a few days after my guest had gone she said, casually, one evening:

"'George, what kind of a man was that you had here from Amsterdam?'

"'Why, my dear?' I asked.

"'Oh, nothing, George,' she said, only I can't help thinking it so queer. Do you know he had some laundry sent out with yours, and when he gave me the money to pay the bill he said he had deducted 3 cents for candy he bought for Alice. Alice asked him to get her some candy one morning, he said, and he had paid 3 cents for it.'"

The man from Brooklyn ordered four more beers, and nobody offered to help him pay for them.—New York Times.

JUST FOR MONEY.

Strange Occupations People Adopt to Avoid Hard Work.

How to get money without working for it is certainly a question of devouring interest with many people in this as well as other cities. "Easy money" was always something sweet and far way with those who never mixed it up to any considerable extent with honorable toil, and the way a few go about this thing of picking it up is amusing.

"All these fellows have to do to get easy money," remarked Architect Harry Hake, as a couple of window washers came into his office on the fourteenth floor, "is to take a chance of losing their lives every fifteen minutes every day, but the work is easy; watch them; they get $6 a week."

Then began the performance of getting at the windows. Each of the two wore metal belts about six inches wide about his waist, and to these belts was attached nearly enough rope to rig a ship. Clamps, screws, and other devices wrought of steel clanked about them as they walked. After washing the inside of the windows they fastened the rope to the top of the upper sash and wheeled into space with the abandon of bats, and there they hung dangling in midair. The city below looked like a weather map, and a slip of a clamp would mean just one small greasy spot in the distance below.

The conversation naturally drifted to the subject of getting a little "easy money" as time passed and the washers turned in their Matterhorn harness and stood on their heads, in order to reach down a trifle further, or went slipping around an abutting cornice.

"There was a fellow who certainly got his money easy," sung in a contractor who happened to be in. "I mean that rummy who held a job down at the museum a few years ago. There was a fellow who hadn't the gall to face the cashier. All he did was to allow curious people to drive wire nails through his hands and feet every afternoon until the Humane Society got after him. He figured around until he found a subterfuge by which he could escape the vigilance of the society, and what do you think he did? Came back in a few weeks and drove awls into his skull. They say he kept this up until he died some months ago in Chicago. This was all because he abhorred work and wanted easy money—which he must have needed, or else had it in for himself."

"There is another set of gentlemen who need the money," remarked Mr. Hake, "and, of course, they get it easy. I refer to the fellows who sweep out smokestacks. Did you ever see a little, active black speck lashed to the top of the Edison stack? All he has to do is cut the soot and cinders from the throat of that mountain of masonry and look death in the face until the sun goes down. If he fell he would drop about 200 feet and land in a pleasant bed of coals. Talk about taking a header into a coke oven. But it's one way of getting money without doing a great deal of work for it."

"The gentleman who put the finishing touches to the spire of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome," said Architect Gustave Drach, "was also in need of 'easy money,' no doubt. To stand below and look up at that immense height it seems unthinkable that a man would take a chance on approaching the top of that spire. How many were sacrificed in the erection of the upper portions of that splendid edifice is no doubt a matter of record, and the record, which extends over several centuries, is probably a long one, but to think of a human being, without wings, scaling that fearful height, and rigging out on the topmast pinnacle for so much a week, is about the most trying proposition [illegible] could present itself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A FORMER SENATOR NOW A DAY LABORER.

A FAMOUS POLITICAL OUTCAST.

The Extremes of Fortune Which Have Befallen a Once Great Man—He Is Ending His Days in Poverty.

A former Governor working at the case as a job printer; a former United States Senator, whose name within the generation has been upon every lip, whose vote saved Andrew Johnson from being driven in ignominy from the Presidency, bending in his old age over a woodsaw; the man who prevented the now all-but-forgotten name of Benjamin F. Wade from going into history as the eighteenth President of the United States, ending his days in poverty and obscurity. Such are the extremes of fortune which have fallen to the lot of former Governor and former Senator Edmund G. Ross, of Albuquerque.

Governor Ross, as he is known to his neighbors, was born seventy-five years ago at Ashland, Ohio, near, both in place and time, to the birth of Senator William B. Allison of Iowa. He is one of the oldest printers living. He began learning his trade at eight years of age. Thenceforth the printing office was his only school, his journeyman's certificate his only diploma.

The slavery excitement of the early '50's found the young printer foreman of a job office in Milwaukee. Of New England Puritan ancestry and northern Ohio birth, he was naturally an intense Abolitionist. The formation of the young Republican party at Ripon, Wis., therefore appealed to him with rare force. He soon after took an active part in bringing about a meeting at Milwaukee for the organization of the new party at that place. He shortly removed to Kansas, and, with the vigor of youth and ardor of intense conviction, entered the fight for freedom in the new territory. In 1856 he founded the "Topeka Tribune," one of the first newspapers west of the Missouri River, which was of great service to the anti-slavery cause. When the war began, the young editor enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry. He saw active service through the war, and at its close was mustered out as lieutenant colonel. When Colonel Ross returned to Topeka, the Legislature was in a deadlock over the election of a Senator. His service to his party and country before and during the war stood him in stead, and the deadlock was broken by his election to the Senate.

Senator Ross in Congress.

In Congress Senator Ross was a strong party man. Throughout the long fight over reconstruction he was a strict radical. In this he well represented the intense spirit then dominant in Kansas, and was thoroughly popular with the people and his party associates in the Senate. He was obedient to caucus mandates. He had shown no indication of aspiring to leadership. His future was full of promise. When the Congressional leaders at length determined upon the impeachment of the President they never doubted that they could rely upon the Kansas Senator to the utmost. It was well understood that several Republican Senators were not kindly disposed toward such a drastic measure as impeachment, and toward the end of the trial Senators Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Trumbull and Van Winkle announced their opposition to conviction upon any of the charges, and several others did not believe there was any evidence to sustain several of them. This rendered it necessary to conviction that every other Republican Senator should vote for impeachment.

At this juncture the attitude of Senator Ross became a source of much uneasiness to the impeachment managers. After the Senate had been organized as a court to try the charges, he had steadfastly refused to discuss the merits of the case or to indicate how he would vote. His only statement was that he would hear the evidence and the argument, and would then vote in accordance with his oath to give the accused President a fair and impartial trial. Rumors of corruption and undue influence began to fly about Washington. Letters and marked editorials advising Mr. Ross how to vote reached him by the thousand. Trusted messengers bore him significant messages. Party leaders labored with him. Re-election or political ruin were held up as the alternatives. But to no avail. He adhered to his determination to decide the case upon its merits, as best he could, and refused to commit himself. He was torn between his antipathy to the President, his deep political prejudice, his ambitions, and his desire to conform to the wishes of his State on the one hand, and the conviction slowly forcing itself upon him on the other, that whatever the mistakes and follies of Mr. Johnson, he was not guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors in office with which he was charged, nor to warrant his expulsion from his high office. This refusal to commit himself in advance made Senator Ross the marked man of that trial. When the vote was taken, May 16, 1868, the eyes of the whole nation were upon him. It was felt that upon his vote the issue rested. And it was true. When he joined his "insurgent" colleagues in voting "not guilty," furnishing the vote which acquitted the President, the fury of the advocates of conviction burst about his head. Upon him as a scapegoat the alleged political sins of the anti-impeachment Republicans were loaded, and he was driven into the wilderness of obscurity.

He Became a Job Printer.

Upon his retirement in 1871 the ex-Senator made several successive newspaper ventures in Kansas, all of which proved failures; and but a short time sufficed to find him again eking out a precarious existence "at the case" as in his early manhood. In 1882 he removed to Albuquerque, and shortly afterward became foreman of the job department of one of the local newspapers, where he remained for the next three years. Smarting under the fierce denunciation leveled at him by his party organs, leaders, and conventions, Mr. Ross made the mistake of joining the Democratic party, with which he in reality had no sympathy. But the act stood him in good stead in 1885, when President Cleveland sought partially to reward him for his services and sacrifices seventeen years before, by making him Governor of New Mexico. Upon his retirement in 1889, Gov. Ross fitted up a small job office in Albuquerque. Much of the time he was the only workman employed. In the humble routine of printing letter-heads, circulars, and sale bills he spent the next ten years. Two years ago Gov. Ross sold his plant and purchased a small farm on the edge of the town. Here, in a little Mexican adobe house, surrounded by trees, but otherwise typical of the dull, gloomy, forbidding residence of the Southwestern native, he is spending the sunset years of a life in which romance and pathos have been most strangely blended.

When I called on him recently I found him in his woodyard in the rear of his house—a rusty, bent, decrepit-looking old man. With an old handsaw he was with painful effort wrestling from the trunk of a fallen pinon the wood with which to cook his dinner. The former Senator is perforce his own man of all work. His appearance in these small duties is even more pathetic than that he presents when, every evening, as regularly as the neighboring whistles blow, he appears upon the streets in faded garb of ancient fit, bending upon his cane, looking neither up nor aside, recognizing no one, doing his few errands, again to return from his self-chosen isolation of the crowded streets to the greater seclusion of his home. He bears ever a hunted and a haggard look.—Albuquerque (N. M.) Corr. Boston Transcript.